

RECKLESS RALPH'S

## DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP

A monthly magazine devoted to the collecting preservation and literature of the old-time dime and nickel novels, libraries and popular story papers...Published by RALPH F.CUMMINGS, Box 75, Fisherville, Mass., U.S.A.

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### MORE ABOUT THE BUFFALO BILL STORIES

By J.Edward Leithhead.

In another article on the Buffalo Bill Stories, I listed most of the historical Characters who appeared in the series with Cody; that is: Wild Bill-Texas Jack-The Powell Bros.-Buckskin Sam-California Joe-and Doctor Carver but forgot to mention "Calamity Jane" Burke, famous gun-woman of Deadwood in No.354, "Buffalo Bill's Great Roundup". W.Bert Foster was the author and it's a swell story. Calamity was married two or three times, I beleive, but I can't say whether Burke was her first or second husband. \*

No.386 was entitled "Buffalo Bill and Calamity Jane, or, A Real Lady From the Black Hills". However this wasn't the real Calamity Jane (this story too was by Foster); in fact, wasn't a woman at all, but a Western detective in female disguise.

The famous scouts, Captain Jack Crawford, Big-Foot Wallace and Frank Gruard, also appeared in one or two of the Buffalo Bill Stories. General Custer, in person, was in the following: No.15, "Buffalo Bill's Unknown Ally"-No.58, "Buffalo Bill's Mysterious Trail"-No.95, "Buffalo Bill's Gallant Stand"-No.230, "Buffalo Bill's Kiowa Foe"-and No.248, "Buffalo Bill's Creek Quarrel." \*



That celebrated Westerner, Judge Roy Bean, of Langtry, Texas, rode with Cody Bill, Nomad and Little Cayuse in Numbers 406 to 408, inclusive, all three novels the work of Foster. \* Judge Bean, known far and wide as "Old Law West of the Pecos" dispensed justice for many years in a big strip of Texas, and at the same time, he was proprietor of the "Jersey Lilly Saloon", named for Lillie Langtry, a famous actress.

Wild Bill Hickok's celebrated fight with the McCandlas gang, was the basis for the first chapter of No. 213, "Buffalo Bill's Diamond Hunt, or, The King of Bonanza Gulch". \* The chapter heading is, "One man against Eleven", but instead of McCandlas, the head of the attacking party is named Red Floyd; also the fight is staged some miles out of El Paso, Texas, rather than in Nebraska, where it is said to have actually occurred.

I believe Colonel Ingraham featured this Wild Bill-McCandlas battle in his story, "Wild Bill, the Pistol Dead-shot" (No. 18 of Beadle's Dime Library. The first of Ingraham's long list of Buffalo Bill novels in Beadle's Dime (he also wrote many for Beadle's Half-Dime) was No. 92, "Buffalo Bill, the Buckskin King.", under the writer's pseudonym of "Major Dangerfield Burr."

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#### Rough Rider Weekly Item.

A few of the very early issues of Street & Smith's Western Story Magazine, had covers reproduced from among the first dozen or so covers of Young Rough Riders Weekly (afterward shortened to "Rough Rider Weekly".

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#### WHERE IS DOT ?

By Donald S. Learned.

"Often I think of the beautiful town,



That is seated by the sea;  
Often in thoughts run up and down  
The pleasant streets of that dear old town  
And my youth comes back to me."

--Longfellow.

"Dot, I wish I could buy Liberty Boys cheap-  
or than 5¢ apiece."

"You can. There is a store right beside the  
Lynn theatre where you can get back numbers  
two for a nickel."

"Can you really? It is a long way up there,  
but I think I'll walk up there, Saturday. I  
have a nickel. Can you buy all the old num-  
bers?"

"Most of them."

"Did you ever read 'The Liberty Boys and  
the Dwarf, or, A Dangerous Enemy?' (No. 117)"

"Sure. It was about this terrible dwarf. He  
was so strong that he could bend a musket. He  
captured Dick Slater and held him prisoner.  
Then, when the Liberty Boys surrounded him, he  
grabbed Bob Estabrook and was going to throw  
him into a "no-bottom" hole. After they kill-  
ed the dwarf, Dick held a lantern down the  
hole and could see, caught on the ragged  
edges of rocks and roots, rags torn from the  
clothes of people whom the dwarf had thrown  
down there." (For the last, Dot drew on his  
imagination, as I afterwards read the story,  
and no mention was made of this).

The above conversation took place in the  
year 1905. Lynn, Mass., the scene of my early  
boyhood days, was but an overgrown town that  
was fast becoming a metropolis. Three-deckers  
were creeping in here and there to take the  
place of square frame houses that set back  
from the street, behind picket or cast-iron  
fences. Time was going on, and day by day, saw  
continuous change and growth.

By far one of the most remarkable of my



childhood acquaintances, was "Dot Spratt". His real name was LeRoy Austin and he was one grade ahead of me in school. I never saw, or heard him mention his father. He lived in one room in the downtown section of the city, with his mother, who went to work early in the morning, in a shoe factory, and returned late at night. Dot was left to himself during the day. A far-sighted lad, with an uncanny memory and unlimited imagination, he enjoyed a life that others would find drab and hopeless, by dwelling in a world of his own creation. Down at the foot of Newhall Street, where Washington Street joined at right angles, and close to the shore of the harbor, lived his grandfather, Old Mr. Spratt, and thither Dot would journey every day, spending much of his time, watching the ships that come and go.

The next day I met Dot at school and he took me one side and showed me a new Pluck and Luck. It was a humdinger ! The Gray House on the Rock, or, The Ghosts of Ballantyne Hall (No. 295). The cover picture was well-colored, of a young traveler entering a room of an old mansion, and coming upon a ghostly company doing a polka or minuet. The furnishings and wall hangings visible through their white forms.

"Gee! What are those things, Dot ?" I cried.

"Ghosts" answered Dot.

"But how can they be ? There are no such things as ghosts."

"I don't know about that, Don. There they are, in the picture."

"But that is only a picture."

"I know, but most of the stuff in these books is true, only the names and places are changed."

"Gee! I wish my dad would let me read Luck and Plucks. All I can read are Liberty Boys



and he says that even they are "Blood and Thunder."

"I'll let you take this one after I read it. You don't need to take it home. Leave it in your desk at school and read it behind your geography. Only don't let Biddy Jopson catch you."

"I won't."

It was after school. Every Wednesday nite, I had to attend Miss Brown's Dancing Academy for Young Ladies and Gentlemen, which held session in the East Lynn Odd Fellows Hall. I left the school yard and walked up Essex Street bound east, when suddenly, when passing a grocery store, my glance was arrested by a REMARKABLE SIGHT. There in the window was a pile of Frank Tousey's and Street & Smith's publications about three feet high, but the best feature, was a pencilled cardboard with the magic words, "Books, 3 for 5¢". For a moment I gazed spellbound. Could it be true? The top book was a Liberty Boy, "The Liberty Boys Treasure, or, A Lucky Find. with colored cover showing the Liberty Boys gathered around an excavation within which several of them were unearthing a large chest of gold. I hurried in and to make sure, asked the clerk the price of the books, and he verified it. Wow! this beat the place Dot had told of. The books were all in fine condition and had evidently only been read once. I began to look at them, one by one, and finally selected the Liberty Boys Treasure-Liberty Boys Guardian Angel, or The Beautiful Maid of the Mountains (beautiful cover) British infantry in bright scarlet uniforms marching along the country road. The leader on a white horse stopped to speak to a pretty farmer girl. Behind a rock in the field at the left, two Liberty Boys were hiding. "Yes", she said, "I saw them, and they went in that direction."



Dick and Bob, from their hiding place, saw and heard it all. They realized that the girl had saved them. Then, "The Liberty Boys Grit, The Bravest of the Brave". There were many others but I only had a nickel and I determined that from then on, the man who owned the store, would get all my nickles.

The following day I found Dot and told him of my marvelous discovery. He looked the copies over and recognized each one. He was a "walking encyclopedia" when it came to Tousey's publications. He told me I was a smart fellow to find that place and said he would go there, too. We ascended the Ghost Walk, a narrow path in my back yard, which lead to a small knoll, from the top of which the ocean and harbor, separated by the peninsula of Nahant, spread before us like a map, and gazing way out to sea, we talked over various incidents of which we had read. Those were the days of bright colored covers before the appearance of Wolff's and Westbrooks condensed editions which seemed dull by comparison. The horrible expressions: "Economy" - "We've got to cut down" - and "Efficiency" were unknown and the publisher's artist spared no pains nor variation of color to whet the curiosity of the youthful prospects of the day.

Another good buy that I remember, was after having decided to take a chance on escaping father's wrath, I commenced reading those fascinating Pluck and Lucks. I bought three for 5¢ at the same store. They were: "The Haunted Mill on the Marsh (148) - Three Chums, or, The Bosses of the School" (375) - and "Haunted", or, "The Curse of Gold" (473). How I enjoyed them.

Once, a short time ago, I went to Lynn, and walked up Essex Street again. I could not even find the place where the store stood nor even recognize the locality.



I never knew the name of the owner. By asking around among those with whom I went to school nobody seemed to know what became of Dot. I called at the house that used to be his grandfather's, close to the harbor, and the strangers who now live there don't even remember old Mr. Spratt. The neighborhood has had a complete turnover.

Dot was an authority on all happenings that took place between the colored covers. Whenever two boys argued about incidents in old back numbers, it always ended with: "We'll ask Dot Spratt. That is fair enough, isn't it?" It always was and his decision was final.

After all, that was but 32 years ago. This is a small world and if I keep my eyes open, I may run into my old pal of grammar school and dime novel days and live again the gas-cinating magic of a golden era, the memories of which can never be taken away from me and which are worth more than gold dollars or wealth can ever bring. Who knows?

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VALUABLE DATA.  
 By H.O. Rawson.

No. 1 of the Boy's Leader contained the following stories: "Satan's Tree"-"The School on Wheels"-"The Old Abbey Bell"-and "Three of a Kind."

No. 1 of Our Boys contained these stories: "Rory the Smasher"-"Nimble Nip"-"Behind the Bars"-"and "New Rushton's Schooldays."

Boys of New York, No. 1, was dated August 23, 1875, and ran to No. 1000, dated Oct. 13, 1894.

"Handsome Harry" was published in the Boys of New York, beginning in No. 444 and ending in No. 527. A sequel entitled "Handsome Harry's Vendette" was begun in No. 779 and finished in No. 784.

One of the artists that made many of the illustrations for Beadle's Dime and Half-



Dime Libraries, was Geo. G. White, a very versatile man who could draw the thrilling scenes for novels as well as make illustrations for The Christian Herald.

Vol. 5, Boys of New York commenced with No. 209, ended with No. 260. The first stories in it were: "Around the World in a Sail-Boat" - "The Detective's League" - "Satan, or, Mystery of Ten Years" - "Red Rodney and His Twenty Men" - and "Dandy Dan".

"Locomotive Fred" was commenced in No. 225 and "Frank Reade and His Steam Team" in No. 229.

No. Boys of New York, contained: "Billy the Bootblack" - "Pluck, or, The Family Mischief" - "Sea-Dog Charlie" - and "Cast Up by the Waves".

Boys of New York was enlarged and had a new heading with No. 641. There were 74 numbers of "The New York Boy's Weekly."

No. 1 of Frank Tousey's Boys Weekly, contained: "Around the World" - "Billy Barkus" - "Little Mac" - and "Sea-Dog Charlie." There were 74 numbers of Frank Tousey's Boys Weekly.

Most of the stories in the Wide Awake Library from No. 200 to 239, were formerly published in the New York Boys Weekly.

There were 76 numbers of the Five Cent Weekly Library.

There were 224 numbers of "The Boys of New York Pocket Library."

Gus Williams wrote numbers 41-42-202-213- and 233, of Wide Awake Library.

Harry Kennedy wrote "Around the World in a Sail-Boat" - "The Flying Man" - "Around the World in the Air" - and "Across the Continent in the Air", in that order.

In The Boys of New York, dated Dec. 19, 1891 there appeared the following: IMPORTANT NOTICE: Interesting information for readers of B.O.N.Y. Beginning with the next issue



of this paper, we shall discontinue the nom de plume of "Peter Pad" to our comic stories, and it is due to our readers to explain the reasons for this change.

Mr. George G. Small, the original writer, under the name of "Peter Pad" and also of "Bricktop", died in this city, Mar. 10, 1886, but we continued to use the name "Peter Pad" to our comic stories, which were thereafter written by "Sam Smilley", a writer for many years, attached exclusively to our staff. Mr. Smilley began to write under the name "Peter Pad" in No. 367 of this paper, issue of June 12, 1886, which contained Chapter 9 of the story, "These Quiet Twins", the first eight chapters of which were written by Mr. Small, previous to his death. Since that time, Mr. Smilley has written all the comic stories published in the B.O.N.Y.-Viz: "A Rolling Stone"-The Shortys//Christmas Rackets"- "Jack Ready's School Scrapes"- "Smart & Co."- "The Shorty's Christmas Party"- "The Shorty's Minstrels"- "Little Tommy Bounce"- "Little Tommy Bounce on his Travels"- "The Deacon's Boy"- "Johnny Brown & Co."- "Bonny Bounce"- "Young Dick Plunkett"- "The Shortys on the Road"- "Sam Smart, Jr."- "and "Out for Fun". He has now concluded to write under his own name, and hereafter, all the comic stories in this paper will be published under the name of Sam Smilley, and the name "Peter Pad" will be discontinued. All stories which in the future, may appear in any other publication under that name (Peter Pad) are spurious imitations and we caution our readers to beware of them.

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ODDS & ENDS.

BILLY THE KID: A new book, called "The Gamblin' Man"; the newspaper write-up is as follows; "After William Bonney (Billy, the



Kid, to you) shot his way out of the Lincoln County jail (N.Mex.) E.B.Mann tells us, he got completely away, and was not shot at the Maxwell House by Pat Garrett, as history assures us. The facts of the Lincoln County cattle-war, form a background of killings and revenge, to this half-fact half-fiction Western tale.

THE RANGERS RIDE ONCE MORE: Yes-sah, we mean the Texas two-gun Rangers. They have re-organized and are as big as life, according to a Sunday feature supplement of Mar. 31st; thrillingly illustrated in colors. Disbanded two years ago, the famed fighting men are back in their saddles again, by order of Texas' new governor. The story reads like an epic, and one is positively convinced that the romance of the Old West is far from being "as dead as a mackerel". Law and Order must prevail, and again, their red-hot shootin rods will dispense the remedy in no uncertain terms. Long may the Texas Rangers roam the plains, the mountain fastnesses, and the valleys, wreaking gun-vengeance on all evil doors. (Sent in by Bob Smeltzer).

NICK CARTER: In eight lines at the bottom of a New Bedford daily, was given the news of the death of Frederick W. Davis, 74, author of the wonderful, thrilling Nick Carter stories of our youth. So it goes..What a hero was Nick Carter, the Great Detective, to us, and what a villain he was, to our parents-"those awful dime novels". How well we remember hiding those paper-bound thrillers under stair-treads, behind books in the bookcase, and even up an old flue. "Diamond Dick"- "Boys of '76"-and "Old Sleuth"-where are they now? Even the more polite Rover Boys have disappeared; and now-the greatest of them all, has passed away with an eight-line obituary..So long, Nick Carter !



## THE ROUND UP AT NORTH PLATTE

By Col. Charles Randolph.

"Buckskin Bill"

(Poet of the Plains)

I was sittin' in the grandstand,  
At the Roundup in North Platte,  
Watchin' the wild-horse ridin'  
'Neath my big ten gallon hat.

I saw them cowboys bulldog  
Them long-horned Brahma steers,  
Cowboys from all thru the West;  
Those boys sure got the choers !

An' the buckin' broncho busters,  
Made a hit--I tell you that,  
Fannin' the breeze with their Stetsons  
At the Roundup at North Platte.

The holdup of the old stago coach  
By that Sioux Indian band,  
Was thrilling to those Easterners,  
Up in the big grand stand.

The covered wagons trailin'  
Their way across the plains,  
Recalled the days of long ago,  
When the Indians held the reins.

The pony express riders--  
Oh how those boys could ride  
And change their horses on the fly,  
And then away, they'd glide.

The beatin' of the tom-tom drums,  
The dancin' of the Sioux,  
The ridin' of the wild steers,  
Was Wild West, thru and thru.

This Round Up was a dandy,  
And I got the biggest thrill,  
For 'twas on the ranch of Cody,  
The home of Buffalo Bill.



I'm comin' back again next year,  
 I'll assure this town of that,  
 For I'm wild about this Round Up,  
 The Round Up at North Platte.

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### SAVANT DIPS INTO DIME NOVELS IN LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Albert Johannsen, rock expert at the University of Chicago, is having a grand vacation reading dime novels in the rare book room of the Library of Congress. No idle reader, he. This is his third week in Washington and he has been at it from 9 to 6 every day.

Out of his holiday, a great bibliography of the Beadle publications (that put out the original yellow-backs, both in Congress and magazine serial form), is growing. Johannsen said he read a few as a boy, and still happens to have the first he ever read, "Eagle Guard, or, The Enchanted Valley", by Eli Diadem, but he doesn't delve for plot, nor for thrills. "I'm interested in them as a phase through which this country passed in literature," he said. "We've grown out of it now, however. They did much less harm to children, than some of the modern pulps."

(Sent in by Geo. Lilly.)

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### "DIAMOND DICK" CREATOR LEFT ONLY \$300.

An estate of only \$300 was left by the late Geo. Charles Jenks, creator of the Diamond Dick stories, who died in 1925 at Owasco, according to a petition filed for probate and his widow, Kate Baird Jenks was named as the sole legatee. During his literary career he wrote thousands of stories, including the Diamond Dick series, and carried on the Nick Carter series after the death of the author.

(THIS IS A REPRINT)